THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 24, 1803.

The CHARACTER *of* BONAPARTE.

WHILE there is but one opinion with regard to the title of the firſt conſul of France to the ſovereignty which he at preſent holds, it is frequently diſputed whether he owes it to his own ability and addreſs, or to that unaccountable caprice with which accident has at times elevated the undeſerving to the higheſt ſtations.

The inſtances in which he has retrieved his fortunes, even againſt probability, and the aſcendant which he has conſtantly acquired over all his rivals, ſeem ſufficiently to eſtabliſh his abilities. The talents for enterpriſe, and thoſe for permanent command, are, however, by no means the ſame; and many a perſon has been well qualified to attain a throne, who was not capable to preſerve himſelf in that elevated ſtation for a ſingle year. To decide his capacity, as a ſovereign, therefore, we muſt take a nearer view of his character.

That fervour of mind which qualifies a man for great enterpriſe and atchievements, is almoſt univerſally attended with ſuch violent and unruly paſſions as frequently divert ambition from its courſe, and make the mind ſpend its force on objects which do not at all contribute to the acquirement of pre-eminence. In the firſt conſul's mind, however, ambition ſeems to have gained ſuch ſupreme dominion over every faculty, to have ſo completely abſorbed every other paſſion, that in the whole courſe of his conduct, ſince he firſt came into public notice, there is not, perhaps, a ſingle inſtance to be produced, where either the baſer or the nobler paſſions have made him to turn aſide from the direct road of power. He has none of thoſe weakneſſes of humanity which are called amiable, becauſe they ſpring from virtues.

His meaſures are never impeded by the interference of friends and favourites. A Laſnes, a Rœderer, a Fouche, by turns ſerve the purpoſes of his ambition, and by turns ſhare the ſunſhine of his favour—by turns alſo theſe tools become blunted, and loſe their utility, and are in conſequence by turns thrown aſide. Bonaparte has no friend, he has no one that unlocks his heart, and penetrates into its inmoſt receſſes. With a peculiar reſerve and ſecrecy that has hardly ever been paralleled, he agitates and completes his plans within his own boſom, and then producing them unexpectedly to the world, excites almoſt as much ſurpriſe in the immediate attendants of his own court as in the cabinets of St James's and Vienna.

The effects of this ſtate of mind are perceptible in every part of his conduct. His ambition ſeems to have acquired the additional energy of all the other paſſions which it has abſorbed; and neither the difficulty of any attempt, nor the interference of thoſe motives which uſually act on the human mind, have been able to divert him from the objects of his purſuit. There is not one of his enterpriſes which has been defeated by obſtacles within the power of human genius to remove. In war, whatever could be effected by addreſs, by ſtratagem, by intrepidity, he has effected. Where he could, he ſurpriſed his enemy's camp; where he could, he bribed the officers to deſert their poſts; where he could effect his purpoſes by neither of theſe methods, he marched boldly up, and truſted his fortunes to the deciſion of a battle. When his ſuppoſed religion was likely to prove an obſtacle, he abjured it; and when his purpoſes again required it, he as ſolemnly became anew an apoſtate. Knowing, however, the influence of religion on the human mind, he never failed to prove himſelf the moſt devout of proſelytes.

At Rome, he was the choſen champion of the croſs; at Cairo, a ſpecial meſſenger ſent by Heaven for the deſtruction of infidels.

By ſuch means, by deſpiſing fear, and putting ſcruple of conſcience to defiance, Bonaparte, in imitation of the greateſt heroes of antiquity, never receding from a grand deſign, ſucceeded in all, but one. His attempt on the Turkiſh empire was completely baffled. But if he was for once compelled to renounce the object of his heart—if he was oppoſed by an enemy of no leſs genius than himſelf, if his reſources were cut off, his troops thinned by the moſt dreadful of diſeaſes, and diſpirited by the inſuperable difficulties which ſeemed to hem them in on every ſide—if, in theſe circumſtances, he found himſelf unable to contend with nature and fortune—we are not yet to ſuppoſe that his ambition, for once, ſunk under the preſſure of diſaſter, or that his eager hopes were for a moment extinguiſhed. In the whole courſe of that expedition, there is not the ſlighteſt appearance of remiſſneſs in his ruling paſſion.

His

His religion and his country he abjured without hesitation. When his prisoners became so numerous as to clog the operations of his army—when some of his soldiers became infected with the plague—he adopted the summary expedient of Frederick the Great, to prevent the infection from spreading—and when he had no artillery to play on the walls of Acre, he endeavoured to raise a mound of the bodies of his soldiers level with the ramparts, as he had formerly made a bridge of them at the passage of Lodi! When all these efforts proved fruitless, his ambition, as if collecting force, like a torrent, from the obstacles which opposed it, burst forth in a new and unexpected direction.

Abandoning his troops, the companions and the atchievers of all his victories, to the enemy and the pestilence, he passed over into Europe through the midst of his enemies; overturned the established government of his country, to which he had so often sworn allegiance, and without even the hesitation of the first Cæsar, boldly seized at once on the sovereignty of a mighty empire.

His inordinate ambition naturally inspires him with a confidence as unbounded. Conscious that he will go every length to execute his object, he is never deterred from his schemes by the prudential calculations of those who are more scrupulous or more timid. It is to this boundless confidence that he owes his own present elevation, and France owes her extended dominion.

After his return from Egypt, and the passage of the Alps, there is no enterprise so romantic which Bonaparte may not attempt.

These qualities, which we have already mentioned, are such as fit the first consul beyond most men for the attainment of authority; they are also of such a nature as to enable him to retain the power he has acquired. Men, whose ambition has been aroused only by the objects immediately presented to it, and who possess other strong passions, that are ready to act as soon as ambition ceases, by overstrained exertions, are apt, on attaining the summit of power, to give a loose to the other principles of their disposition. Enemies, favourites, sensual gratifications, by turns excite them to acts subversive of their authority. Bonaparte, however, has not as yet given any symptom of being at all influenced by such considerations; and if he has raised his own relations to honours, and has re-established the catholick worship, we may find sufficient motives for these measures in the consolidation of his own power, without having recourse either to his fraternal affection or his religion.

The effect produced by this total absence of other passions, is more calculated for the retention than the acquirement of power. Cold and reserved, his features seldom relaxing into a smile, and

his haughtineſs never giving way to careleſs conviviality, he throws mankind at a diſtance, and rather commands their reſpect by being above their pleaſures, than conciliates their friendſhip and co-operation. It was only in the confuſion and turbulence of a revolution, that ſuch a man was calculated to attain a ſudden riſe. In the ſlow promotion of an eſtabliſhed government, it would have required a degree of diſſimulation, more than equal to his other qualities, to have brought the variety of intereſts and circumſtances neceſſary for advancement to co-operate in his favour.

One dangerous conſequence, however, to his aſcendancy reſults from the violent energy of his ambition. When he has reached the higheſt pinnacle, he feels reſtleſs, from the want of an object equal to his ſoaring genius.

To render the French empire the moſt flouriſhing on earth affords a noble object to his ambition; but to make it ſo by the minute regulations of internal police, and the ſlow advancement of commerce, is a proceſs too tedious for the mind of Bonaparte. Since his advancement to his preſent eminence he has hitherto found ſufficient employment in altering the denominations and the form of his government—in exciting the emulation of the manufacturers of France—and in reducing Italy and Switzerland under his immediate controul.

Many materials ſtill remain, on which he may exerciſe the activity of his genius. The aſſumption of the imperial title, and the conſolidation of the empire of the Gauls, are works of time and labour. When theſe are once accompliſhed, let the other nations of Europe look to themſelves. M.

DESCRIPTION *of a* SINGULAR RACE *of* PEOPLE.

IN Spaniſh America there is an order of ſtrollers who are called Gauderios. Their mode of life reſembles that of the gypſies, except that they are not addicted to thieving. Theſe vagabonds are very badly cloathed, their whole dreſs conſiſting only of a coarſe ſhirt, and a worſe upper garment. The articles of dreſs, together with horſe-furniture, ſerve them for bedding, and a ſaddle for a pillow.

They ſtroll about with a kind of ſmall guitars, to the ſound of which they ſing ballads of their own compoſition, or ſuch as they have learned from others. Love is in general the ſubject of theſe ſongs. Thus they wander about the country, and endeavour to divert the peaſants, who, in return, ſhew their gratitude by furniſhing them with victuals during their ſtay with them, and even giving them other horſes when they loſe their own.

This

This liberality and generoſity will appear the leſs ſurpriſing, when it is conſidered, that in this country horſes are of very little value. Great herds of them run about wild in the vaſt plains, and ſeem to belong to whoever will take the trouble of catching them. The Gauderios generally march about in parties conſiſting of four and ſometimes even of more.

With reſpect to the means of procuring food, they give themſelves ſo little concern, that, when ſitting out on an excurſion, they provide themſelves only with a rope, a few balls, which are faſtened to the ends of ropes, and a knife.

When attacked by hunger, they contrive to get one of the young cows or bulls, which run about wild, entangled in their ſnares. They throw the captured animal down, tie its legs together, and then cut, even before it is dead, the fleſh, together with the ſkin, from the bone, make a few inciſions in it, and, thus prepared, put it to the fire: when half roaſted, it is devoured without any additional ceremony, except a little ſalt, when they happen to carry any with them. Some of them kill a cow merely for the purpoſe of obtaining the fleſh between the ribs and the ſkin. Others eat nothing except the tongue, which they roaſt in the red hot embers. The remainder of the carcaſe is all left in the field, and becomes the prey of carniverous birds and wild beaſts. Others again are ſtill more eaſily ſatisfied, taking nothing but the marrow bone, from which they cut off all the fleſh, and then hold it over the fire, till the marrow becomes ſoft and fluid.

Sometimes they practice the following ſingular mode of cookery. Having killed a cow, they take out the entrails, and collecting all the tallow and lumps of fat, put them into the hollow carcaſe. They then kindle ſome dried cow dung, and apply it to the tallow, that it may take fire, and penetrate into the fleſh and bones. For this purpoſe they cloſe up the carcaſe as well as poſſible, ſo that the ſmoke comes out at the mouth, and another aperture made in the lower part of the belly; in this manner the cow often continues roaſting the whole night, or a conſiderable part of the day. When it is done enough, the company place themſelves around, and each cuts for himſelf the piece he likes beſt, and devours it without bread or ſalt. What remains is left in the field, except any of them happen to carry a portion of this favourite food to ſome particular friend.

To the PRINTER of the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

THE original of the annexed curious MSS. having, with a variety of other MSS. fallen into my hands, I have copied it for the uſe of your invaluable Entertainer, ſo conducive to promote the morality of the riſing generation. As I am compiling

compiling an hiſtory of Plymouth and its environs for publication, by ſubſcription, I ſhall occaſionally ſend you a few lines reſpecting my native town.

I remain, reſpectfully your's,

B. R. HAYDON.

Plymouth, January 14, 1803.

Curious Manuſcript of the Expences paid by the Mayor and Commonalty of Plymouth, in 1670, *on the Viſit of King Charles the Second to Plymouth, on his Route through Cornwall.*

(Copied from the Original MSS. in the Poſſeſſion of B. R. Haydon.)

	£.	s.	d.
The mayor and commonalty on preſenting the king the keys of the town and fort, on the Hoe, gave his majeſty 157 pieces of gold, -	172	10	0
Purſe to put the money in, - - - - -	0	5	6
Ringers, - - - - - - - -	2	0	0
King and duke's footman, and guard of the fort,	3	17	6
For the making a ſtage for his majeſty to ſtand upon on the New Quay, to touch the afflicted for the king's evil, - - - - - -	2	11	2
For removing timber and cleaning ſtreets, - -	1	11	6
Gentlemen uſhers, daily in waiting, - -	5	0	0
Gentlemen uſhers' privy chamber, - -	5	0	0
Serjeant at arms, - - - -	3	6	8
Gentlemen uſhers' quarterly waiters, - -	1	0	0
Servants of the chamber, - - -	1	0	0
Serjeants and officers of trumpeters, - -	3	16	0
To the pages of the preſence, - - -	0	10	0
Knight's marſhal, - - - -	1	0	0
Knight's harbinger, - - - -	3	6	8
Yeoman uſher, - - - - - -	1	0	0
Governor of the chamber, - - - -	1	0	0
Footman, ſerjeant porters, - - -	3	0	0
Yeoman of the mouth, - - - -	2	0	0
Porters of the gate, - - - -	1	0	0
Surveyors of the ways, - - - -	1	10	0
Yeoman harbinger, - - - - -	2	16	5
For erecting a ſeat and canopy, royal purple and yellow ſattin, in the old church, when King Charles the Second was at church, on the Sunday previous to his departure for Cornwall, -	36	9	0
Total expence to the mayor and commonalty of Plymouth, - - - - - -	£.255	10	5

When

When his preſent majeſty, George the Third, her majeſty, and the royal family, viſited Saltram, Plymouth, and Dock, in Auguſt, 1789, his majeſty graciouſly left 1500l. to be diſtributed among the artificers, &c. of the dock-yard, the other public offices, and an handſome portion of the above ſum of 1500l. to be diſtributed among the poor of the three towns.—A ſtriking contraſt between the two great perſonages.

On the fatal Effects which ariſe from indulging the youthful Paſſions.

ABOUT ſeven years have elapſed ſince I received a ſummons to attend the dying bed of a friend, toward whom my heart had felt an attachment from the earlieſt period it was capable of taking place. A ſcene of that nature muſt always be affecting, but it is peculiarly ſo if the principal performer in it is an object of eſteem or regard, who is juſt going to launch into that new ſtate of exiſtence, which human imagination is unable to conceive!

I arrived at the abode of the friend of my manhood, and the pleaſing and ſportive companion of my youth, with a heart tortured by thoſe agonizing ſenſations, which ſuch a ſummons was calculated to produce. "I ſent for you, my dear Charles," ſaid he, as I entered the apartment, "for the purpoſe of committing to your protection the object deareſt to my heart; for though my warning has been ſhort, I feel it is deciſive, and that a few hours will terminate my pain!—Promiſe then to be to my beloved Edward, that friend, which his father has ſo often required; promiſe to be the guide of his youth, the director of his conduct, and the inſtigator of thoſe virtues, which adorn your own life!'

I promiſed, as might be expected, to fulfil all my friend's wiſhes, and to treat Edward with the parental fondneſs he required, and moſt ſolemnly aſſured him I would never make any difference between him and my only ſurviving child. Yet I was concerned at hearing that an arrangement had been made with a merchant in London, and that my ward elect was expected in town the end of the following week, as my own family concerns, united to a hundred miles diſtance, would prevent the poſſibility of my perſonally inſpecting the conduct of my charge. I ſhall draw a veil over the melancholy ſcene that followed, as it is not the actions of the dead, which I am to record, for my deſign is to picture the dreadful conſequences which too frequently ariſe from the want of conſtraint.

Upon examining the ſituation of my deceaſed friend's property, I found that my ward would inherit about eleven thouſand

ſand pounds, and that, during his minority, his expences were limited to a hundred and fifty pounds a year.—At the end of three weeks after the interment of my beloved aſſociate, I attended his ſon up to town, who on the very day that we quitted the country, entered into his nineteenth year.—As all pecuniary concerns had been arranged between my friend and the merchant, previous to the former being taken ill, I had not any thing to do but find out ſome prudent family, in which I might place my charge to board.—His not being permitted to reſide in the ſame houſe with his maſter, was a circumſtance which I highly diſapproved, and as I ſaw the ill effects which might ariſe from ſuch a proceeding, I offered an increaſe to the premium of three hundred pounds.

" If you would give me three thouſand, Sir;" replied the merchant, " I really could not break through a long eſtabliſhed rule; for I find the care which attends a numerous family of children, quite ſufficient for one man to endure; and as to being anſwerable in any degree for the levities of my aſſiſtants, that is a taſk I would never undertake.—Beſides, when my buſineſs is done, I always go to my country villa, where I enjoy a ſelect ſociety of friends."

" This plan, Sir," ſaid I, " may have cuſtom and faſhion to recommend it, but it is ſuch a one, as neither judgment or propriety can approve; for while you are enjoying a ſelect ſociety, your incautious clerks may be ſeduced into the practice of every vice; and I ſhould even think your own property might be endangered, by their being entirely beyond the bounds of conſtraint."

All the arguments I made uſe of produced no alteration in his ſentiments, and as I was not acquainted with a ſingle family, who were likely to take in any one to board, I was under the neceſſity of making my wants known through the channel of a newſpaper, and ſoon eſtabliſhed Edward in a reſpectable houſe.—At our parting, it was agreed that he ſhould write every fortnight, and to this promiſe he adhered for about a couple of months, when he began to plead buſineſs as an excuſe for want of punctuality, and I fancied that his letters ſeemed to breathe the language of conſtraint.—In a ſhort time, they were filled with complaints againſt the family, under whoſe care and protection he was placed, and repeated requeſts were made that I would conſent to his removal to one, where the reſt of Mr. T——'s clerks dined.

As I was no leſs anxious to promote his happineſs, than his intereſt, I at length gave a reluctant conſent, as I was much pleaſed with the manners, both of the lady and gentleman, who had promiſed to treat the young man as a friend. Juſt as I had ſent the letter which contained this concurrence, I received one from the maſter of the houſe, requeſting me to find out ſome

other ſituation for my imprudent ward to board, and giving me ſuch an account of his conduct, as excited in my breaſt a thouſand alarms.

Inconvenient as it was for me to take another journey to London, I determined to go on the following day, and repreſented to my charge, with all the warmth of friendſhip, the dreadful conſequences which muſt attend the plan he purſued.—Upon enquiring into the character of the family, in which he was ſo anxious to become an inmate, I found they lived in a very gay and expenſive ſtyle; and were ready to overlook a thouſand improprieties in their boarders, if their fortune was ſufficient to enable them to make preſents. Into that houſe, therefore, I declared he never ſhould enter, unleſs it was in the character of a gueſt, and I had the good fortune to hear of another family, where an unexceptional ſociety met.—There I knew dullneſs could not be brought as an objection, as cheerfulneſs and good humour were the order of the day; therefore, after placing him under the gentleman's protection, I returned to a profeſſion which it was injurious to me to leave.—Independant of the allowance bequeathed him by his father, I frequently made a point of ſending him a five pound note, notwithſtanding which he drew ſo frequently upon me, that I was at length under the neceſſity of refuſing his bills. He had not been quite a twelvemonth with the family, under whoſe care I placed him, when I had again the mortification of hearing he muſt be removed, as the late hours he kept, united to other irregularities, rendered it impoſſible for them to permit him to remain in the houſe.

The moſt extravagant bills were ſent me from different tradeſmen; a tavern one alone came to ninety-five pounds; and likewiſe diſcovered that he had a propenſity to gaming, and to every other faſhionable vice of the age. As another journey to London was abſolutely impracticable, I implored his maſter to place him under ſome reſpectable perſon's roof, and beſought him not only to adviſe a different mode of conduct, but likewiſe to try the effect of reproof.—In anſwer to my letter upon this intereſting ſubject, Mr. T—— merely informed me, that he had ſhown it my young friend, who had poſitively aſſured him, that what I termed vices, were nothing but the little follies incident to youth.—He added, that as he knew no objection to the family, where his other clerks boarded, he had made an engagement for my ward to go there; and concluded by ſaying he was very attentive to buſineſs, and believed that I had been prejudiced by the different accounts I had heard.

The drafts upon my purſe, and the different bills ſent for my inſpection, were certainly not prejudice, but plain poſitive proof; however, I was gratified at hearing that he was attentive to buſineſs, and was ready to attribute his extravagance to the

thoughtleſſneſs of youth. The next letter I received gave me an account of his illneſs, and I immediately requeſted he might try the effect of his native air; but how was I ſhocked at beholding the dreadful devaſtation which a life of ſenſuality and diſſipation had made!—Inſtead of that manly figure, with which he had quitted the country, and a countenance that glowed with the fullneſs of health; I ſaw a meagre form, bending under infirmity, and a face that repreſented the image of death!—A good conſtitution however, united to care and ſobriety, in the ſpace of ſix months completed a cure, and he once more returned to that contagious atmoſphere, where diſeaſe and deſtruction jointly prevail.

A bed of ſickneſs has often proved the mind's beſt phyſician, and I flattered myſelf that Edward would feel its good effects; I reproved his follies with all the mildneſs of a parent; and upon aſſurance of amendment, promiſed to pay his debts.—Vain hopes! Flattering expectations! Inſpired only for the purpoſe of being more cruelly deceived, for the moment he returned to the theatre of extravagance, not the ſlighteſt bounds were ſet to his expence.—My having agreed to ſatisfy the demands of his creditors, he ſeemed to conſider as a licence for him to increaſe his debts, and at length pleaſure became the ſole object of his purſuit, for I was continually receiving letters from his maſter, couched in the bittereſt terms of complaint.

Though I live at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, I am fond of knowing what is going forward there, and go to the coffee-houſe every morning for the purpoſe of knowing the news of the day. About a year after my ward's return to London, I had juſt taken a paper in my hand, when my attention was arreſted by an advertiſement, in which his perſon was moſt accurately deſcribed.—It is impoſſible for language to paint the emotion with which I peruſed the afflicting detail, which ſtated, that he had forged a bill upon a banker for the ſum of five hundred pounds! I quitted the coffee-houſe in a ſtate of agitation, which may be imagined, but can never be deſcribed; and ordering a poſt-chaiſe and four, ſet out immediately for London, without ever ſtopping five minutes on the way.—My purpoſe was to offer any ſum to the parties, if the ill-fated Edward was fortunate enough to eſcape; but all my exertion proved ineffectual, for ſuſpicion had been alarmed, and he was detained!

From the moment of my hearing this melancholy intelligence, I knew it was impoſſible to avert his fate; yet ſtill I determined to exert all my influence, without even indulging a hope that I ſhould ſucceed!—Never ſhall I forget my ſenſations, when I ſtopped at the gates of the priſon, for it was abſolutely with difficulty that I articulated his name.—My knees ſmote each other—my eye-ſight failed me—and a univerſal tremour ſeized my whole frame!—When my name was announced, I

heard

heard the object of my solicitude declare that he neither could or would be seen; but I had already passed the door of his apartment, and caught the unhappy youth in my arms!—A violent flood of tears soon relieved those emotions, which remorse and contrition had conjointly inspired; when, with a look which I shall ever remember, he exclaimed, "My more than father! Oh! my best, my dearest friend! How," continued he, striking his hand upon his forehead, "could I have expected to have seen you in such a wretched place? After having broken through the laws of my country, defied the power of justice, and rushed into disgrace!"

It was then too late to repeat any salutary counsel, I therefore only tried to sooth the agitated state of his heart; yet did not attempt to paint fallacious prospects, or lead him to entertain the most distant hope of life! "If pardon was offered me, dear Sir," said he, "this very moment," after my having informed him that there was no chance of its being obtained, "I solemnly assure you, I would refuse it; for what is life to a man, who has sacrificed both his honour and his fame? I must surely have been vile and abandoned by nature, or I never could have rejected your salutary advice; never could have been deaf to such ardent admonitions, unless my mind had been thoroughly depraved! Yet still, my dear Sir, I have had moments of compunction; and many are the hours which have been spent in penitential tears, but I was too easily rallied out of my contrition, by the ridicule of those I believed to be my friends.—Neither to drinking or gaming did I ever feel the slightest inclination; but I was led into the practice by the wish of acting like other young men of my age; and when I had lost large sums of money, the desire of regaining them, gave me an artificial ardour in the pursuit.—Fortune seemed to delight in making me her victim, for I generally lost every bet I laid; and as I could not always pay with punctuality, my credit as well as my pocket failed. To a gentleman at the west end of the town, I at length owed five hundred guineas, and he demanded the debt in a manner not to be refused, and in the impassionate moment of wounded honour, I madly give him the fatal note.—The moment I had been guilty of this rash action, I felt the full force of its weight, and instantly wrote you a full statement of it, and then determined to make my escape.—In the agitation which I felt for the security of my person, I forgot to put the letter into the post, but in spite of my precaution, providence ordained that I should meet with the punishment which I deserve! I have now, my dear Sir, only to beg that you will offer up prayers for me to that Gracious Being, whose mercies I have so frequently abused, but who, amid all the vices into which ill example hurried me, I have always venerated, and always adored!

As he ſaid this, his feelings checked the power of utterance, and he again burſt into an agony of tears; mine, I am ſure, flowed in abſolute torrents, though I was delighted at finding him in ſuch a frame of mind.—

The day at length arrived, when his ſorrows were to terminate, and his life to be offered as a tribute to the laws he had abuſed; when juſtice was to receive an atonement for tranſgreſſion, and pity to waſh the altar with her tears! I had deeply drank of the cup of affliction, I had loſt children whom I loved, a wife whom I adored, and had followed the friend of my childhood, the father of poor Edward, in the very prime of manhood to his grave!—Theſe were ſevere trials to a heart naturally ſuſceptible, but they were light in compariſon of what I then endured; but there are ſome kind of ſorrows which ſo far defy expreſſion, that it is a proof of weakneſs to attempt deſcribing the effects they produce.—This was my caſe, on that fatal morning, when I ſaw the ſon of the man I had moſt valued aſcend the platform of diſgrace; beheld him ſurrounded by an unfeeling mob, whoſe tumultuous clamours ſeemed to increaſe the ſenſe of infamy and diſgrace!—Here let me drop a curtain over the dreadful cataſtrophe, which even at this period gives ſuch exquiſite pain to my heart, and may the ſtory of the ill-fated Edward act as a monitor to the incaution and extravagance of youth.

PORTRAIT *of* QUEEN CHRISTINA *of* SWEDEN.

WHITELOCK has drawn, in his journal, an intereſting portrait of Queen Chriſtina, who afterwards abdicated the Swediſh crown. He deſcribes her as ſhe appeared at the firſt audience to which ſhe admitted him. "Her habit," ſays he, "was of plaine grey ſtuffe; her petticote reached to the ground: over that, a jackett ſuch as men weare, of the ſame ſtuffe, reaching to her knees. On her left ſide, tyed with crimſon ribbon, ſhe wore the jewell of the order of Amaranta; her cuffs ruffled à la mode; no gorgett or band, but a blacke ſcarfe about her neck, tyed before, with a black ribbon, as ſoldiers and marriners ſometimes uſe to weare. Her hayre was breaded, and hung looſe; upon her head, ſhe wore a blacke velvet cappe, lined with ſables, and turned up after the faſhion of the countrey, which ſhe uſed to putt off and on, as men do their hats. Her countenance was ſprightly, but ſomewhat pale. She had much of majeſty in her demeanour. And, though her perſon were of the ſmaller ſize, yet her mienne and carryage was very noble."

The

The LIFE *of Mr.* SAMUEL DANIEL.

[From Biographia Britannica.]

SAMUEL DANIEL, an eminent poet and hiſtorian in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James the Firſt, was ſon of a muſic-maſter, and born near Taunton, in Somerſetſhire, in the year 1562.

In the year 1579, he was admitted a commoner of Magdalen Hall, in Oxford, where he continued about three years, and by the help of an excellent tutor, made a conſiderable improvement in academical learning. But his genius inclining him more to ſtudies of a ſofter and gayer nature, he left the univerſity without a degree, and applied himſelf to Engliſh hiſtory and poetry, under the encouragement and patronage of the Earl of Pembroke's family.

Afterwards he became tutor to Lady Ann Clifford, and, upon the death of the famous Spencer, was appointed poet-laureat to Queen Elizabeth.

In King James's reign he was made gentleman extraordinary, and afterwards one of the grooms of the privy chamber to the queen conſort, who took great delight in his converſation and writings.

He rented a ſmall houſe and garden in Old-ſtreet, near London, where, in private, he compoſed moſt of his dramatic pieces. Towards the end of his life he retired to a farm, which he had at Beckington, near Philip's Norton, in Somerſetſhire; where, after ſome time ſpent in the enjoyment of the muſes and religious contemplation, he died, and was buried in the year 1619. He left no iſſue by his wife Juſtina, to whom he was married ſeveral years.

The following inſcription may be read on a ſmall, neat, (but not magnificent marble) monument, erected to his memory in the church at Beckington, in the county of Somerſet:—

Here lyes, expectinge the ſecond comminge of our Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, the dead bodie of Samuel Danyell, Eſq. that excellent poet and hiſtorian, who was tutor to the Lady Ann Clifford in her youth; ſhee that was ſole daughter and heir to George Clifford, earl of Cumberland, who, in gratitude to him, erected this monument to his memory a long time after, when ſhee was Counteſſe Dowager of Pembroke, Dorſette, and Montgomery; he dyed in October, 1619.

Copy of the regiſter belonging to the pariſh of Beckington.

Mr. Samuel Daniel, October 14, 1619.

Deſcription

Deſcription of a Holyday and a High-Flying Fox-Hunter.

[From Daniel's Rural Sports, juſt publiſhed.]

TO deſcribe one of the firſt claſs of the above ſportſmen (ſays the author,) it ſhould commence with the preparing for the chace, when, to avoid every trace of faſhionable effeminacy, hē proves the ſtrength of his ſtomach by huge ſlices of beef, and rejects thoſe degrading ſlops of tea, coffee, or chocolate, for a jug of ſtrong beer, and keeps all quiet with a bumper or two of brandy. Thus internally defended, with a new velvet cap, cordovan boots, doe-ſkin breeches, long necked ſpurs, orange padded ſaddle, and lemon fronted bridle, the hero of the day and his ſteed are both equipped; and if mounted upon a horſe whoſe four legs have been fired, it will afford him the opportunity of knowingly remarking, that, "his ſuperior excellence makes up for every external blemiſh, and that he does not care a farthing for external appearances; his horſe is one of the ſafeſt and beſt leaped hunters, and that he has been bid a cool hundred for him."

As a determination to put his excellence to the proof, he ſets out late, and after a gallop of ten or a dozen miles, brings his horſe up to the hounds in a lather, juſt as they are going to throw off; this naturally excites the ſurpriſe of every old-faſhioned ſportſman. But that the being remarked may not reſt upon a ſingle chance, he rides rudely againſt one or two of the company, ſeems totally ignorant of the accident, nor thinks it neceſſary to apologize; ſuch behaviour gives an air of importance, renders him more conſpicuous than the moſt formal and honourable introduction, and ſhews he is too friendly in the field to ſtand upon ceremony.

The inſtant the fox is found, if not before, he is ſure to ride over and cripple ſome of the hounds, to daſh at every unneceſſary leap, to preſs his horſe moſt through the deepeſt ground, and when the hounds come to a check, to vociferate ſome impertinent queſtion to take off their attention; if fortunate enough to be in at the death, he makes inquiry for the neareſt inn, and there calls for a quart of ale for his horſe, and a dram for himſelf. After this refreſhment he mounts again, and rattles his horſe home with ſimilar expedition to that of the morning. This is a tolerable juſt ſketch of a holyday fox-hunter.

The high-flyer has a few ſlight variations: he endeavours to inculcate the idea, that riding hard and riding bold are the leading qualifications to acquire pre-eminence, and in fact that nothing but the chace can ever engage a ſenſible man: to confirm his ſervants in this opinion, the ſtrict preparatory orders given on the preceding evening are ſure to put the whole houſe into confuſion in the morning; the hunter is ſent to the cover ſide,

and

and from the hands of the hair-dreſſer he is conſigned to the ſaddle of his hackney, upon which, with the celerity of a Solebay expreſs, he reaches the ſpot; having ſurveyed the company with due contempt, the hack is exchanged for the hunter; whilſt the hounds are drawing, and every experienced ſportſman is in ſilent agitation, at the firſt challenge, he is galloping from one extremity of the cover to the other, and upon their finding, contrives to fix himſelf at the moſt likely ſpot for the fox to break, where he heads him, conceiving the longer he remains in the cover where he is found, the greater the ſatisfaction of hearing the hounds; ſhould the fox eſcape being mobbed to death by him and others of the ſame ſtamp, and break away, he lays as cloſe to the hounds as poſſible, but when he finds the horſes of others upon a par or ſuperior to his own, he reſorts to "Hold hard! Hold hard!" with all the powers of voice; this is another proof of conſequence.

If he has been accidentally behind, he makes a point of coming up in the midſt of a dirty or watery lane, and by almoſt ſmothering thoſe he paſſes with dirt or water, he again becomes the object of general attraction. Whenever he happens to be in at the death, he ſeizes upon the bruſh, or a pad at leaſt, as a trophy, and for the particular want of which, he has given the huntſman or whippers-in a previous hint, if not a previous gratuity. After the chace he bores all his friends with its incredible length and innumerable difficulties, and how very much his ſcience and intrepidity acquired univerſal admiration.

The VERSENARY *of* GENERAL QUEBEC.

[From Dr. Moore's "Edward."]

"WHO is Nick the old ſoldier? aſked Mr. ——"He is a poor Chelſea penſioner," anſwered an old woman, who lives with his wife in that there cottage. "He is liked very much in theſe here parts, pleaſe your honour, becauſe he is always ready with his joke, and tells us ſtories of the wars, and General Wolfe, and General Quebec, and ſuch like great commanders; but after all he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the verſenary of General Quebec."

"What is that?" ſaid Mr.——

"Good Lord! does your honour not know the verſenary of General Quebec?" cried ſhe.

"Not I."

"Well, that is curious," ſaid the old woman; "but we all know it in theſe here parts by the means of the old Nick.

Moſt

Good gracious, I wiſh your honour but ſaw him at the verſenary!"

"Why, what the Devil is the verſenary?"

"I'll tell you particularly, pleaſe your honour," ſaid ſhe, "if your honour will only have a little patience."

"Well, well, let us hear."

"Why, then, your honour muſt know, that the verſenary of General Quebec comes round, like Chriſtmas, only once a year, and then old Nick appears in all his glory, with his red ſcarlet coat on his back, and his fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal ſword by his ſide; and then he ſtruts away to the ale-houſe, where he uſually meets three or four old ſoldiers, who comes there to keep the verſenary along with him; and ſo they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and they begin to tell ſtories about the wars, and deſcribe how the battles were won by the Engliſh, and loſt by the French and Spaniards—for your honour knows that the French and Spaniards never beat the Engliſh in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nick gives a full and true account of how General Wolfe was killed, and General Quebec taken priſoner; and then they deſire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now ſells ballads, to ſing the "Britiſh Grenadiers," which he does, all about Mars, the god of war, and all the other gods, deſcending upon ſpears, and then they all join in the chorus, and beats the grenadiers' march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords, and then I always helps Margery to carry Nick home—and then—and then is the verſenary of General Quebec, pleaſe your honour."

We inſert the following ſtanza of the ſong to which this curious old woman alludes, that the reader may have a better idea of the ſubject:—

Great Jove the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war,
Neptune with his trident, and Apollo in his car,
And all the gods celeſtial, *deſcending from their ſpheres*,
To view with admiration the Britiſh grenadiers.

ACCOUNT *of* AMERICAN FROGS.

PREPARED as I was (ſays Mr. Prieſt, in his travels in the United States of America) to hear ſomething extraordinary from theſe animals, I confeſs the firſt frog concert I heard in America was ſo much beyond any thing I could conceive of the powers of theſe muſicians, that I was truly aſtoniſhed. This performance was *al freſco*, and took place at night in a large ſwamp, where there were at leaſt ten thouſand performers, and I really believe not two exactly in the ſame pitch, if the octave

can poſſibly admit of ſo many diviſions or ſhades of ſemitones.

I have ſince been informed by an amateur who reſided many years in this country, and made this ſpecies of muſic his peculiar ſtudy, that on theſe occaſions the treble is performed by the tree-frogs, the ſmalleſt and moſt beautiful ſpecies; they are always of the ſame colour as the bark of the tree they inhabit, and their note is not unlike the chirp of a cricket: the next in ſize are our counter tenors; they have a note reſembling the ſetting of a ſaw. A ſtill larger ſpecies ſing tenor; and the under part is ſupported by the bull-frogs, which are as large as a man's foot, and bellow out the baſs in a tone as loud and ſonorous as that of the animal from which they take their name.

AN ANECDOTE.

A French author, of the name of Barten, gives the following ſtrange account of the word Iſabelle, by which the French expreſs the dun colour:—

"In 1601, (ſays he,) when the Spaniards attacked Oſtend, at that time garriſoned by the Hollanders, Iſabelle, the wife of the Archduke Albert, ſwore an oath never to change her chemiſe till the city was taken. This princeſs had the misfortune of being preſent at the ſiege, which, notwithſtanding her royal neceſſities, laſted for three whole years; ſo that (ſays the French writer) as one may naturally conceive, her highneſſes's chemiſe took a yellowiſh tint.

"After the capitulation of the place, which preſented nothing but a heap of ruins, the ladies in the ſuite of the archdueheſs, in order to make their court to her, adopted in all their dreſs a half-colour, between white and yellow, which in honour of their miſtreſs, they called Iſabelle."

The dictionaries have inherited it from the maids of honour, and nothing is now more claſſical than the term invented by this extraordinary piece of flattery! We cannot help admiring the piety and pertinacity of the archduchefs upon this trying occaſion!!!

REFLECTIONS.

THOSE who apply themſelves too much to little things, commonly become incapable of great ones.

Few things are impracticable in themſelves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of ſucceſs.

Extempore Anſwer, by a young Lady of Plymouth, nearly fourteen Years of Age, to J. Channon's Charade, inſerted November 22.

YOUR charade, my good Sir, I have ſurely found out,
SAP-GREEN is the colour you mean without doubt.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. Lewis, of Poole; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Mann, S. Perkins, and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Boult, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and B. of Millbrook.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to R. Berry's Charade, inſerted November 29.

IN your charade, as I am clear,
An HOGSHEAD plainly doth appear.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Robert Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; W. Bickham, S. Perkins, and W. Mann, of Aſhburton; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; J. Bloomfield, Thomas Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; H. Humphreys, and J. Squance, of Exeter; and P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

Anſwer, by C. Mackey, of Plymouth, to J. Bloomfield's Rebus, inſerted Dec. 6.

HULL is the town, if right I deem,
That in your rebus may be ſeen.

§†§ We have received the like anſwer from J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; J. Channon, of Ottery; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter; J. Chubb, of Everſhot; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Whittle, of Upway; T. Boult, and H. Humphreys, of Exeter; and B. of Millbrook.

A CHARADE, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

MY firſt is ſoft, my next a louder ſound:
And with my whole the ladies oft are found.

A CHARADE, *by Amicus, of Poole.*

MY firſt, a well-known part of dreſs,
Which both the ſexes wear;
And when a colour you expreſs,
My next will plain appear:
My whole's a paſſion of the mind,
Moſt hurtful to the human kind.

A REBUS, *by B. C. of Alton, Hants.*

AN impious giant, gents. pray firſt explore;
And then a bird for wildom fam'd of yore;
An ancient city for its war renown'd;
A god, the guardian of Great Britain's ground;
A kingdom, famous for its happy laws,
A dang'rous rock, of wrecks the frequent cauſe:
Th' initials, join'd with care, will ſoon be ſeen,
A town in Devon where I oft have been.

POETRY.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An occasional Prologue, spoken to the dramatic Poem of Caractacus, presented by the young Gentlemen of Mr. Weatherdon's Academy, in Newton Abbot, at their annual Exhibition, December, 1802.

FROM earth's dark cavern, where conceal'd it lay,
When first the diamond greets the light of day,
Envelop'd round with scurf of nature's mould,
No striking beauties can we then behold;
No pleasing form, no polish'd face it wears,
No lustre, dazzling to the sight, appears;
But when the artist has the gem improv'd,
And all th' obstructing particles remov'd,
The latent sparks break forth in copious blaze,
And all, with wonder, on its brilliance gaze.

In such like state the untaught youth is found,
With clouds of ignorance encompass'd round,
Till education, with its brightening ray,
Pervades the gloom, and clears the mist away;
Then reason dawns, enlighten'd genius shines,
The judgment ripens, and the sense refines,
Bright beams of knowledge circle round the head,
Which o'er each art and science radiance spread.

Since education then completes the man,
Pursuit of that is now our only plan;
Beneath this roof we daily all appear,
And with delight instructive precepts hear;
Aided by these we con the classic page,
By these in deep researches we engage;
The rugged paths of learning we explore,
Blending the ancient with the modern lore;
Each realm of science carefully we trace,
And follow wisdom's track with anxious pace;
To form the man we various measures take,
And tread the stage but for improvement's sake;
Here accents, emphasis, we learn to place,
And with due energy deliv'ry grace;
Each nice inflexion of the voice acquire,
To sink in languor, or to rouse in fire;
Genteel address is also here obtain'd,
In conversation confidence is gain'd;
The whole deportment here is rendered free;
Looks, words, and actions, all must well agree.
Besides—the stage conveys, with pleasing art,
Much good instruction to the list'ning heart;
It holds the mirror up, thro' which we view
The virtues and the vices men pursue:
The tragic muse presents the poison'd bowl,
To punish crimes, and awe the guilty soul;
The comic too for ev'ry foible blames us,
Mimics our faults, and by derision shames us;
From each we therefore admonition gain,
What we should follow, and from what refrain.

Our

Our play to night appears in antient taſte,
Without buffoonry, ſtrictly pure and chaſte;
Diveſted of each tinſel ſcenic yoke,
Sublimely grave, as Mona's groves of oak:
The theme is Britiſh freedom, long ſecur'd
By brave Caractacus, who laſt endur'd,
With Britiſh courage, Rome's aſſailing bands,
Till treach'ry yielded him to Cæſar's* hands.

But now, from all who fill theſe ſeats around,
We have to beg indulgence may be found;
The taſk is hard, in this enlighten'd age,
For men of genius to attempt the ſtage;
And harder yet for unſkill'd boys to try,
By ſoothing arts to blind the critic's eye;
This we endeavour not; therefore depend,
That each one preſent will be found—a friend:
As all our former brothers prov'd your care,
With them we hope your gen'rous aid to ſhare;
We'll rouſe our talents to perform our parts,
And truſt you will, with plaudits, cheer our hearts;
Your praiſe, when due, we know you'll not refuſe,
And when you can't commend us—pray excuſe.

* Claudius Cæſar.

Extract from Peter Pindar's Poem, entitled "The Plymouth Bribery."

SOON as old Andrew Hill had ſlipp'd his breath,
My neighbour Tap, the landlord, com'd to me;
Says he "Leave tink'ring—there's a charming death,
"Hamlin, an angel of a death!" quoth he.
"Zounds! what a noghead and a fool!" ſays Tap,
"To mend old crocks, and candleſticks, and *kittles*—
"Thy hammer always going, rap, rap, rap—
"And all to *git*, forſeth, a *bit o' vittels!*
"Lord, Hamlin," quoth a "what a beaſt thee art,
"When thou may'ſt be a gentleman complete;
"To ſtand here hammering in a ſtinking ſhart,
"Moiling as black's the dowl with muck and ſweat!"
"Offer the miniſter at once the bait,
"Toul't find a gudgeon—zee if I'm not right;
"Now daant take ſqueamiſh ſcruples in thy pate:
"*Snap* is the word at court—I know he'll bite.
And zo ſays I again to Landlord Tap,
"Art ſartain that he's hungry, Tap, and poor?"
"Try—ſniggle for'n," quoth he, "I know he'll ſnap."
Snap with the Devill to't, it is, I'm ſhore.
"I know mun all," quoth Tap, "I know mun well—
"Iſs, Hamlin, iſs, I know men well anew:
"I've had mun at my howze, both gert and ſmaall—
"With all their grandeur 'tis a dam queer crew."
"And is it zo?" zaid I. "It is," zaid he;
"I tell thee, Hamlin, no man know'th mun better."
"Than Tap," zaid I, in anſwer to'n, "doſt zee,
"I'll do't—I'll zend the chancellor a letter."
God know'th my heart, I never thort of harm:
Your conſcience, Lord! I didn't mean to ſhock it;
Two thouſand pound, I thort, would keep ye warm,
Nor thort it was a crime to fill your pocket.
'Tis cruel hard for to be put to jail,
Vor doing what gert voakes do ev'ry day:
I thort I might come down upon the nail,
And tern a penny in an honeſt way.